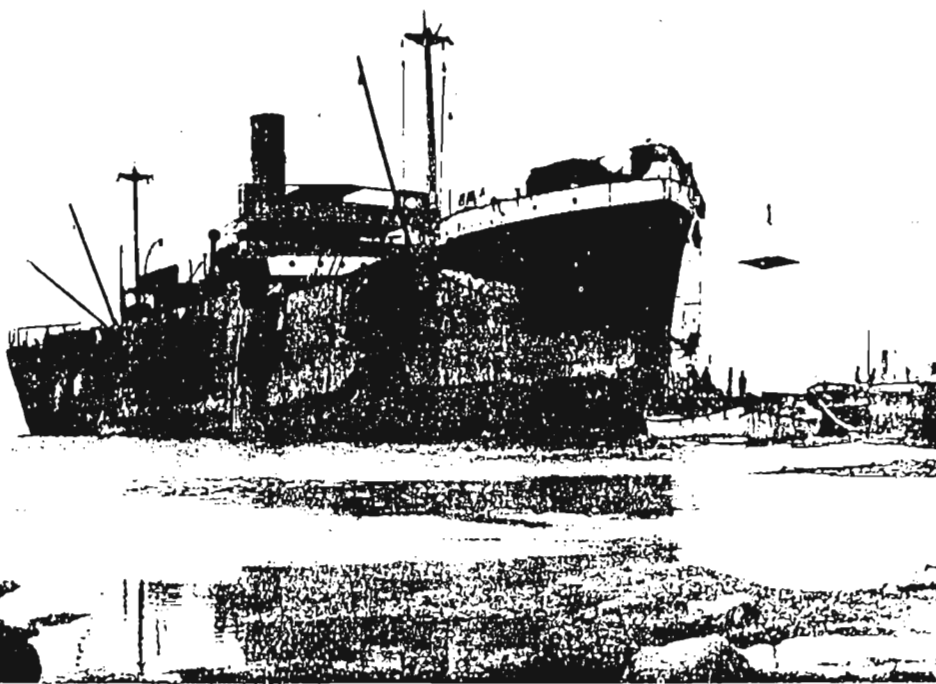


THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

No. 67
CHRISTMAS 1991

THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association (Founded by Major EHW Banner in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

PATRON HRH The Duke of Edinburgh KG KT OM GBE PC

PRESIDENT The Lord Granville of Eye

PAST PRESIDENTS Vice-Admiral EW Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO
Lt. General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE KGMG
DSO MC
Brigadier BB Rackham CBE MC
Lt. Col ME Hancock MC

VICE PRESIDENT Major T Verschoyle MC

CHAIRMAN Captain CTF Fagan

SECRETARY JC Watson-Smith
Earleydene Orchard, Earleydene, Ascot
Berkshire, SL5 9JY (0344 26523)

HON TREASURER DF Bland
Torview, 4 Ridgeway Close, Dorking,
Surrey, RH4 3S (0306 885360)

MEMBERSHIP
SECRETARY N Pollitt
9 Garnet Court, Marlow-on-Thames,
Bucks, SL7 2AN (0628 483038)

COMMITTEE Major JF Ford
N Anthony
FJ Dooley
Sir Arthur Hockaday
H Jenner
L Jones
JRH Stopford

EDITOR DR Saunders
Woo Sung, Pointsfild, Hakin, Milford
Haven, Pembs, SA73 3EB (0646 692316)

CONTENTS

Page	3	New Members
	4	Change of Address, Obituaries All the Kings Men
	5 - 6	Obituary: Wing Commander MH Jenks Book Review: Gallipoli 1915
	7 - 9	Chairman's Report
	10 - 14	Suvla Departure Imperial War Museum Review
	15	Autumn Lunch 1991
	16 - 25	With the French Artillery
	26 - 28	Prisoners of the Turks (continued)
	29	Book Review: The Fallen
	30 - 33	The Newfoundland Regiment at Gallipoli
	34 - 37	A 1925 Visit to Gallipoli
	38	Anzac Biscuits
	39	Gallipoli Memorials

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions became due on 1 January 1992. Please remit promptly to the Hon Treasurer on the form enclosed with this issue of The Gallipollian.

Veterans	£3.00
Associates	£6.00
Husband & Wife	£9.00

NEW MEMBERS

In the original printed journal, this page and a section of that following contain names and full addresses of new members, as well as address changes for existing members.

For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

OBITUARIES

With regret the following names are recorded:

0657V SW BLYTHMAN
 (L/Cpl 5 Wilts Regt, 13 Division)

1019 EG FULLER

1013V AM SMITH OBE
 (2/4 Royal West Kent, 53rd Division)

ALL THE KING'S MEN THE LEGEND OF THE 1/5TH BATTALION, OF THE NORFOLK REGIMENT, INCLUDING THE SANDRINGHAM COMPANY, 'VANISHING' IN AUGUST 1915.

The above small exhibition is based on research carried out by Nigel McCreary for the BBC television programme of the same name shown in December.

The exhibition will continue until the 26 January 1992.

Norfolk Regimental Museum is situated in the Castle, Norwich and is open Monday to Saturday 1000 to 1700, Sundays 1400 to 1700.

WING COMMANDER M.H. JENKS

As announced in the Autumn Gallipollian Wing Commander Maurice Harold Jenks (0809V) has recently died. He was the only son of Thomas Jenks, an accountant in Weston Super Mare and attended Bristol Grammer School followed by Bristol University.

He enlisted in the Gloucestershire Regiment and served at Suvla Bay throughout the autumn of 1915. He later recalled that shortly after landing they were marching around the Salt Lake in the darkness when they heard a body of men. 'Were they our first Turks and what did we do about it? A whispered challenge and they turned out to be the Royal Gloster Hussars in which I had tried to enlist last year. Our 'Cor! They be Glorsters too' was a happy mixture of surprise and relief.

He was invalided from the Peninsula in mid-December, and his memoirs reproduced here graphically describe his departure.

'December and we were being towed across Suvla Bay to a hospital ship when one of our aircraft was shot down. Immediately the midshipman i/c, who looked all of 15 years old, cut the tow and dashed off leaving us rolling about. As we were not fighting fit - I, for example, was labelled "dysentery, jaundice and para-typhoid", and had been doing the "Turkey Trot" to and from the latrine trench for some considerable time, and shrapnel was still showering down, ours, I suppose, but that didn't help much, we were none too pleased. However he was soon back with two rescued R.F.C. men and we all proceeded to H.M.H.S. Letitia and Q.A.I.M.N.S. Sisters and beds and sheets! The Sisters, we realised later, were nearly as exhausted as we were, but they showed no sign of it, then or ever. It was my first experience of the "Q.A." and the admiration I felt then for that dedicated band of woman has certainly not lessened some 65 years and half-a-dozen Service hospitals later.

Kipling, as always, has the right words (exceedingly heart-felt in my case)

"Let us now remember many honourable women
Such as bade us turn again when we were like to
die".

And almost before we realised that we had left that foul peninsula for good we were well on the way to Malta.

Maurice Jenks later service included Mesopotamia, Persia with Dunster Force and then South Russia. A transfer to the RAF and further service in the Middle East and in China, then Coastal Command and a Mention in Despatches in 1940.

In 1935 he married Vera Vetch who died at the beginning of 1991. There were no children and I am indebted to Major JA Vetch, a nephew, for the information contained in this Obituary.

Editor

GALLIPOLI 1915. PHILIP J HAYTHORNTHWAIT. Osprey Publishing 1991. 96 pages. 13 colour, 85 black & white illis, 8 maps & plans. £8.95.

Another volume in the authoritative Osprey Campaign Series edited by David Chandler, Head of the Department of War Studies at Sandhurst. It provides a concise, but of necessity brief, introduction to the Gallipoli campaign, though its value to serious students will probably be limited. However, it will certainly lure many other readers to take a closer look at the affairs of 1915 and then expand their interest through the titles listed under Further Reading. Perhaps new members to the Association will result, even the author himself? The sectional maps are a nice way of presenting major aspects of the campaign and there is even a chapter on Wargaming Gallipoli.

AGM GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION - 29 OCTOBER 1991

Chairman's Report

Your Committee met as usual in January this year and again in July for the purpose of running the Association on your behalf. At the July meeting it was decided that some thought should be given to publicising the existence of the Association in order to further its aims and carry the Association into the next Century.

The Autumn Lunch

This was held at the Cavalry & Guards Club immediately following the AGM and our guest speaker was General Sir Martin Farndale, KCB. Originally a Gunner, General Farndale went on to command 7th Armoured Brigade, then 2nd Armoured Division and 1st British Corps. Then he became Commander in Chief, British Army of the Rhine and Commander Northern Army Group, NATO. He gave us an absolutely fascinating discourse on Suvla Bay.

Our lecturer at today's lunch will be Mr Nigel Steele from the Imperial War museum and we much look forward to this. If any members have suggestions for future lectures at the Autumn Lunch would they please let a member of the Committee know.

25 April 1991

It was never expected that the 76th Anniversary would be as special as the year before with the attendance of Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Nevertheless, we still had some ten veterans on parade which included a Turkish veteran, Huseyin Kacmaz, who had flown over from Turkey the day before, marched all the way from King Charles Street to the Cenotaph and, having refused a chair, marched all the way back again,

then proceeded to the Abbey with the rest of us and joined us all at lunch at Wellington Barracks. We were astonished to find that he was 103 years old. The lunch at Wellington Barracks, which was made possible only by the superhuman efforts of the rear party of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, who had gone at very short notice to fight in the Gulf, was again a great success with the number of people present equalling last year's record. The music was provided by a brass quintet from the Coldstream Band and we were extremely grateful to all those who made all the arrangements possible.

Gallipoli Memorial Lecture Trust

This year the lecture was given by His Excellency, Mr Osman Olcay, at Holy Trinity Church, Eltham. A number of Association members attended the lecture and we are most grateful to the trustees and organisers for their kind hospitality. Members may like to take note that next year's lecture, which will also be at Holy Trinity, Eltham, will be on the 30th April and will be given by Field Marshall Sir Nigel Bagnall

Finance

As you will hear from the Treasurer, the finances of the Association are very strong and the Committee have continued to offer help to veterans to attend functions. Having said this I would like to take this opportunity of reminding everybody that our healthy financial situation is entirely dependent on the payment of subscriptions. Donald Bland always has a number of absent-minded payers each year and he has to chase them up personally. It would therefore be enormously helpful if everyone would arrange to pay their subscriptions by bankers order if they do not already do so.

The Gallipollian

This has continued at its high standard throughout the year and the plan is to continue with three issues per year. If anybody has material that they feel would be of interest then please would they contact the Editor, David Saunders. He is currently looking at ways of improving the quality of the print.

The Committee

Mr Michael Hancock has tendered his resignation in view of the fact that his commitments make it almost impossible for him to attend meetings. His resignation is therefore accepted with much regret and our thanks are due to him for the work and help which he has given us in the past. We all remember his father with great affection.

I am sure you would all wish to join me in thanking all the officers and members of your Committee for the personal effort and hard work that they put in on your behalf. Donald Bland, who has been Treasurer for a very long time, David Saunders our Editor, James Watson Smith our Secretary and Norman Pollitt our Membership Secretary all deserve special thanks. Through Donald Bland we would also like to pass on our sincere thanks to Mr Walter Chapman who is kind enough to audit the accounts.

Conclusion

The Association is alive and well and its aims are being admirably fulfilled.

SUVLA DEPARTURE

by RG Lowry*

On the afternoon of Friday Lord Graham told Traill and I that we were to go away on the Magnificent and Mars launch respectively for the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac. We are going to Suvla.

In the evening Captain Carver came on board and gave us some orders, but not very explicit ones. We are both to go in cutters - not the launch.

I am going to a very small bay just to the South of Nebrunlessi point. The tow will consist of the Mars launch and sailing pinnace Agamemon's cutter and Mars cutter. I was in the latter most of the time. We are towed by the 'Aggie's 2nd picket boat. Each boat had to have the following gear in her:

Lantern with shade	2 beakers of fresh water
Bucket and baler	Tapered shot plugs
Heaving line	Anchor and grapnel
Sternfast	First aid dressing for each of crew

2 boathooks marked with a black and white band at 3,6,9 ft and a white band at 4,5,7,8 ft.

We are to remain inshore bow on.

Saturday afternoon we spent getting the gear into our boats. I was to be in charge of all four pulling boats.

* Reproduced from The Un-Official Journal of Midshipman RG Lowry RN 1914-1916 and sub-titled The first three years of World War I as seen by the least of God's creatures a Junior Midshipman. See biographical note at end.

The journal is deposited in the Imperial War Museum and thanks are due to Captain RM Lowry, Mrs A Gibbon and Mrs DR Edgar, the son and daughters of Midshipman Lowry for their kind permission for this extract to be reproduced in The Gallipollian.

Evacuation of Suvla, first night Dec. 18th-19th

I left the ship at 2.00 and went to the Mars, where I found that a senior midshipman had been told off for the launch and sailing pinnace. The picket boat came and picked us up and towed us to a trawler, which after a long wait towed us to Suvla where we arrived at 7.00 pm after a 2 hr. passage.

The picket boat anchored and we made fast astern and had supper. Anderson (snotty of P.B.) asked to have supper with him in the fore peak off bread and butter and jam. After supper we went inshore and saw some of the troops embarking in motor lighters. These are secured ready for troops to embark in about five minutes and they hold between 300 and 400 each. About 12,000 troops were embarking from all points of Suvla the first night. We then returned and weighed again and anchored in the same place as we should the next night. The three of us then went inshore and met the beach-master, a Lieut. Gardner from the Aggie. He took us into the officers' mess hut, where we had some cocoa while he had supper. This was about 10.00. After talking for some time we went down to where the motor lighters were. They were getting some ammunition off. A Commander Muluck came along and gave us a few more details.

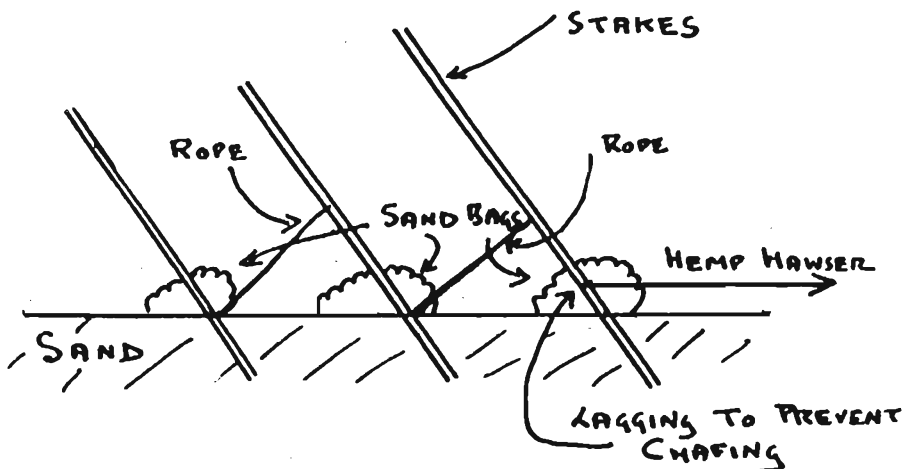
At 12.30 we had to go back and were towed to Kephalo, where we arrived about 3.00. I went into our st.pinnace with Field for the remainder of the night, returning to the ship at 7.30 a.m.

Evacuation of Suvla, second night Dec. 19th-20th

I left the ship at 2.00 p.m. and we got in tow of the same trawler, arriving at Suvla at about 8.00.

We went into our little bay and the steam boat anchored as close in as possible. The launch and pinnace went in anchored as close as possible with safety and anchored buoying their anchor with a hemp

rope bent on to the buoy. This hemp was connected by means of various lines to a stake driven into the sand where the two cutters were. The stakes were driven into the sand as in the drawing.



We then had a trial trip and everything went all right. We went inshore again and all the crew collected in one of the dugouts and made some cocoa, which they found in a neighbouring dug-out. I spent most of the night talking to Flight-sub Lt. Macleod who was in charge of the W.T. set there. He gave me some shrapnel bullets, two of which I kept. The remainder I gave to Peyton and Anderson. I also got a 14 pdr. Turkish shrapnel case and an 18 pdr. English cartridge case which was used as a gas gong.

We did nothing all night till 3.00 a.m. when the W.T. set was dismantled and brought down to one of the cutters, who took all the signal ratings etc. off to the steam boats. My cutter remained inshore to bring off the beach party etc. This party was to have been brought off at 6.00 a.m. but as everyone was off by 3.30 they were brought off at 4.20 after lighting the largest bonfire I have ever seen.

About 3 day's stores and a small amount of rifle ammunition had to be burnt. 70,000 gallons of petrol were put over the stuff to make it burn well. The bonfire was lighted at 4.00 a.m. exactly, and everyone was off the beach by 4.20 when my cutter left. The bonfire was quite close to the beach and extended about 150 yards along the beach and about 100 yards inland. It was an absolutely topping blaze.

After getting rid of the army people I went inshore with the beach-master and lay off in case there were any stragglers, but fortunately there were none. If there were, we were to tell them to put their arms down then proceed inshore and let them wade out to us taking care not to let the boat be rushed. After doing this till about 6.30, hailing the beach every few minutes, we went back to the picket boat and soon afterwards got in tow of the tug Alice and proceeded to half speed back to Kephalo. We were waiting for our steam pinnace to come back. She had gone inshore to see if there were any more people but they found none. The steam pinnace proceeded to Kephalo under her own steam. We got there about 10.00. After much difficulty about a boat I managed to get one off to the Lord Nelson where I had a bath. All the afternoon and dogs I slept like a log and woke up with an awful fat head about which there was much laughter.

Notes

RG Lowry born in 1899 was the son of Admiral Sir Robert Lowry KCB. He entered the Royal Navy as a Cadet at Osborne in 1912 followed by Dartmouth in 1914. On the outbreak of war he went to sea on HMS Lord Nelson and served with her at both the Dardanelles and at Salonika. Later he served on board HMS Hercules, and specialised in naval gunnery. Between the wars he was at sea for most of his time and in World War II was Director of Naval Ordnance. He retired in 1952 and died in 1976. He is perhaps best known as the author of the book The Origins of Some Naval Terms and Customs published in 1935 and alas long out of print.

The information for this biographical note was kindly provided by Captain RM Lowry.

The 'Aggie' referred to here was HMS Agamemnon a Lord Nelson class battleship launched in 1906 which during her service at Gallipoli received over 50 hits including one by a 14 inch stone shot. The terms of the Turkish Armistice were signed on board at the end of the war. She was broken up in 1927.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM REVIEW No 6. 1991. 112 pages, 11 colour, 67 black & white illustrations. £8.95.

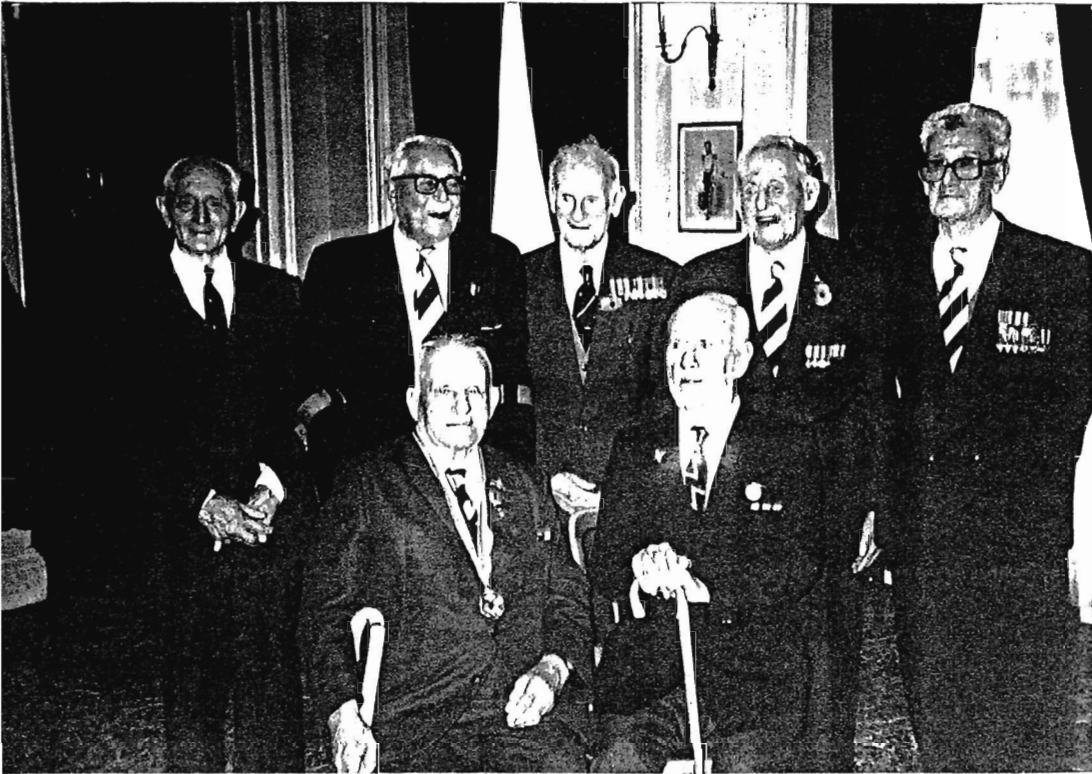
This year's edition of the Imperial War Museum Review offers nine articles on aspects of the First and Second World Wars by members of the Museum staff.

The diverse topics explored include military mining on the Western Front during the First World War; an examination of the writings of the Second World War journalist, AB Austin; an introduction to the Museum's First World War Women's Work Collection; the ethos of the British High Command from 1914 to 1918; Percy Wyndham Lewis's First World War paintings; the story of RAF Bomber Command in the Battle of Britain; Christian iconography in the Royal Flying Corps; and Maurice Chevalier and collaboration in occupied France. All are well-illustrated with full-colour or black and white photographs and will appeal to teachers, historians, researchers and students.

Alas nothing here on Gallipoli, but plenty to interest all those who follow military history.

AUTUMN LUNCH

Over 50 members, including seven veterans attended the Autumn Lunch on 29 October.



The Veterans

Standing left to right: TC Dare, Major JF Ford,
RC Chadwick, JW Gearing, EJB Adams

Sitting: FH Ching, J Page

WITH THE FRENCH ARTILLERY

J.N.B. Sergent

The following letters from J.N.B. (Noel) Sergent, who served in the French Artillery, were published in The Draconian, the school magazine of the Dragon School, Oxford, in 1916. They are reproduced here by kind permission of the Headmaster, N.P.V. Richardson. We are also grateful to the school archivist, Mrs Ruth Escritt, for her assistance and especially for putting us in touch with Noel Sergent's widow, Mrs Honor Francis, who has helped with additional material.

From N. SERGENT.

51e Batterie, 10e Artillerie,
E.N.E., Secteur 194, Armee d' Orient.

August.

It is just over boiling-point in the shade, and I am scribbling away in my dug-out to the buzzing of the man-eating flies. I have just been on duty guarding artillery material. The material was carted away five days ago (carted it away myself!), but the tradition of keeping a sentry on duty in the same place remains. You see the authorities have not yet had time to realise. Do you want my exact address? Well, I am in the ---battery of the --- regiment d'artillerie in the ---French Army somewhere in Turkey. So like that you are 'fixed' as the Americans say. So am I. In a devilish tight fix between the devil (surnamed Achi Baba) and the deep sea, alias the Hellespont - most appropriately named. The enemy weapons of destruction vary considerably. There is 'Asiatic Annie' - a short approach from Asia. You hear the bang, then a whish-whish-whish as the old shell moves along somewhere between Venus and Mars, then the whish-whish gets louder as the shell approaches earth and finishes with a 'plump' as it lands without ever exploding on Terra

Firma. There is another beast of a gun called the 'Orient Express'. You hear a Z-Z-Z-Z---BANG. She has a drive with a full swing and plays pretty good golf. I believe she is a naval 6-inch from the Goeben.

We have two 9½-inch coast guns, and we had a job hauling them up in three parts each, the piece itself causing the greatest difficulty owing to its weight (16 tons). We put 100 men on either side and hauled away; then, when we got them up, 25 of us had to put them in place. We were at work for four nights from 6p.m. to 5a.m., with just a cup of coffee at 11. Then no getting to sleep owing to the man-eating flies again. Ten of our men have been evacuated from over-work.

When writing about Turkish guns I forgot to mention the 77 field-gun which potted us from Kum-Kaleh in such a way as to endanger our existence, and every time we went to the quays we were treated to Turkish Delight from Kum-Kaleh. Our guns were ready for firing yesterday, so we started today. We topped our drive, put our second shot over the green, on the green in 3, fired 18 shots in all and we were successful according to the aeroplane. We only fire in the day-time but we do our transport work at night because the Turks are supposed to see better in the day-time than at night. On August 6th we assisted at an attack. It was a tremendous business, and the best way that I can describe it is by comparing it to a terrific thunderstorm when the thunder and lightning come before the rain, and directly the rain comes the thunder and lightning stop. The thunder and lightning are the flash and bang of multitudinous guns, and the patter of rain is the rifle and machine-gun fire. What a fearful noise they make once they are started! I believe we took two trenches - hardly seemed worth the ammunition.

The usual get-up of the British Army is khaki helmet with pagri, khaki shirt, khaki trousers cut down to footer-shorts, putties and boots. They are splendid men, though I must say I find the regulars are far and away superior to the others. The regulars are still

full of beans, whereas the others (from what I have seen of them) are sick of it and want to go home. They seem to be fed on jam, rice, biscuits and bacon for breakfast four things that I can eat! They come over to our lines to exchange jam for rice, bread (of which they don't get enough), and especially wine and souvenirs. They are most awfully kind to me. The other evening I went over to the R.H.A. lines (they are 70 left out of 220, poor fellows), and they told me to leave my helmet behind. I asked 'why?' They said 'call tomorrow and see.' Next day I called and they gave me back my helmet with a pagri and an R.H.A. crest on it!

The R.H.A. is in front of us, R.E. on the left flank and R.N.D. behind. The R.H.A. men are all regulars; I like them better than any. The country here is not unpleasant at all. From the crest dominating Sedd-el-Behr you see the Asiatic coast from Dardanus to Kum-Kaleh with the Holy City opposite Sedd-el-Behr. On the Asiatic side the country looks fairly flat and fertile, with high hills in the distance. Further south can be seen Lemnos and Tenedos, typical archipelago milk-chocolate islands, and Imbros near in the west. The ground slopes gradually down to a ravine, then up continuously to Krithia on the left and Achí Baba rather higher, wooded and bare-topped on the right. The vegetation is not enormous - where we are there is nothing - but the R.H.A. have got some splendid olive trees, and on the Turkish side the woods look denser. There are, besides, some fig-trees and almond-trees and blackberry bushes with blackberries on them too small to be worth picking. The birds are much the same as in England, sparrows, crows etc., the only exception being a kind of small peewit, grey underneath. Aeroplanes are common, and the Taube drops 'frightfulness' from the clouds from time to time.

- o -

I see no signs of coming back for something like a year or more. Sir Ian Hamilton came round to the guns and spoke to me and said he had played golf at Valescure and that the links were very bad, and then just as he was

going off he turned round and asked me how long I thought the war was going to last. I wasn't going to make an idiot of myself by making a wild guess, so I said we have had so many surprises that I couldn't possibly tell. So he told me that in his opinion the war would last about another year, and that the Germans weren't counting on having to go through another winter campaign, and that next spring something decisive would happen, and that decisive something would come from this side. I don't care if we have to go through a winter campaign if I can only have my sabots - I have made myself some winter quarters. It is a wooden hut and I went three nights running and fetched wood away to make a roof. This I covered with hay (which is plentiful) and then put earth on top of that. A sailor of the Stade Raphaëlois has given me tarpaulins to line the walls with and to make a hammock out of, so there is nothing to be anxious about in my case except the shells which are getting more numerous especially from 'The Oriental Express', and the shrapnel which is simply fiendish.

An airman came over yesterday and spotted our second battery. Directly he cleared away they sent a shell within 10 yards of our No 2 battery. They are devils. Yesterday we stood on the crest of the hill and watched the République bombarding Asia. It was a fine sight to see 5 huge guns firing simultaneously and the echo up the narrows was most impressive. Well, the République turned back to Mudros so I went back to the battery. Then she came along again and bombarded a second time, so I went and watched from a different place and a shell came and burst in the place where I had been standing the first time! This may sound a Tommy Atkins story, but it's quite true, and it seems different when it happens to oneself. Apart from this I haven't had the regulation bullet through my helmet, or chipping the top of my ear, or passing under the arm as I was scratching my head! These things are not for us, but for the 1st line. We get more shelled than the 1st line but are out of bullet range, though in full view of Achi Baba who know exactly where we are and regulate the range of their Asiatic batteries.

The aeroplanes have been frightfully busy lately. Yesterday we had one in the air all day, and often two or three: one British waterplane and the others all French. Les Turcs were firing at them continually and it is interesting to see the balls of wool in the air always miles behind the aeroplane. The dust is cream-coloured here and several inches thick, so when the north wind (like a mistral) blows hard the dust is simply abominable and gets in everywhere and you can't see more than 100 yards in front of you. That's when goggles are wanted. One of the R.E. gave me an asphyxiating gas mask. It is useful to keep as a curiosity, but I don't think I shall want it for gas. The 'Turc' is too honourable a man, and I'm sure has refused to use gas in spite of German insistence. Pat Duff* came to see me the other day: he is very thin owing to a touch of dysentery, so I gave him the pomegranate skin which had just reached me. He brought me over papers - Sphere, Tatler etc., and I was delighted to see him. he has a ripping mount.

Sept. 27th.

Yesterday I had the pleasantest morning I have had yet. I returned Pat Duff's visit and after about half-hour's tramp I came to a farm where I found some of my R.E. friends who had been here but had moved up. I gave them some lemons I had brought in my pocket and then went Duffwards. Directly I left Pink Farm I came into the loveliest country. I could hardly believe my eyes; it was just like Valescure. Small tufts of pine trees, thyme, donkey-pepper and heather. After about 300 yards of this I suddenly came to a dip and looked down and saw great

* Later Sir Patrick Duff, whose distinguished career included being Principle Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, and later Deputy High Commissioner in Canada and High Commissioner in New Zealand.

activity reigning. There was the British General Staff, and the landing quay, and the Church Service going on as it was Sunday. It would make a ripping photo, but I didn't take it as I was looked on with suspicion, no doubt owing to my get-up which is French clothes and an English helmet. Down in the hollow (Gully Beach) three ravines converge and they go up almost perpendicularly to 200 feet. It was a lovely day and the sea was as blue as I have ever seen it: you could almost see Imbos across the way and the higher mountains of Samothrace in the background. It was a grand sight. I went up this ravine for about ten minutes and came to a notice-board, 460 Battery Winter Quarters. I asked for Duff and was shown a stairway made of sacks filled with earth leading to the top of the Bluff (Gurkha Bluff). There I found him in his dug-out. He is so situated as to be able to see Imbros and Samothrace and the sea through the ravine; lucky devil! better than this dust hole! Their waggon line (i.e. horses and mules and personnel for dragging guns) is in the bottom of the ravine, but the officers and guns are at top, and when a man down below is ill the Dr. sends him up top to get a bit of air, and there they sit for an hour or two hours as prescribed. The gun is a quite nice 4.2, I photoed it with Duff and friend standing by. Then the Commander-in-Chief came along and told us about the French offensive. He recognised me and asked when I was going to get promotion. I got back very late and hungry, snatched a hasty meal, and went off to new battery to see to 'terrassment'.

Nov. 1st.

I send two photos, one of a shell bursting just beyond a battery, which was taken a moment after the burst whilst splinters and bits were pattering about all over the place. It landed on the light railway and blew the line groggy for about 20 metres further on. It is a 6 inch naval shell belonging to 'Pearl of Asia', a brute of a gun which fires shells that you can't hear coming. Today however we blew one of their guns to bits. The other photo is of our gun being fired - just the real thing. It looks as if there was too much smoke, but there is none except what comes out of the bore; all the rest is dust which is rammed down one's throat and between one's teeth by the force of the explosion.

We have got 4 guns up now and are having most exciting deeds with the battery No. 154 which we scored off so badly today. We get more shelled here than anywhere as we are the biggest 4-gun battery on the peninsula and are in full view of Achi Baba who spot us immediately we begin firing because of the dust. We get shrapnel and high explosive of the type in the photo. All this pretty often now. You should have seen the fireworks in our front trenches when the French victory was announced. A bouquet of red, green and white rockets - and you could hear our men singing the Marseillaise from the front trenches at 9 at night.

As a whole, now that I have settled down and my winter quarters are nearly finished, I find life well worth living and I am quite happy here. Everyone is very nice, especially British officers, who take no notice of my inferior rank. Tonight I am going out to dine on cold beef, pickles, and cherry tart, which doesn't sound very Turkish! I tried to get boxes of Turkish Delight, and managed to get hold of some and sampled it, but it is not as good even as the stuff you get in those boxes in Oxford, so I decided to leave it alone.

Pat Duff had a touch of fever when I saw him the other day, but he showed me over his battery: his guns seemed very complicated and heavy for field guns. He is beautifully situated with pines and heather and myrtle and an arbutus bush at the foot of his dug-out.

-o-

Nov. 2 1915.

The view of the entrance to the Dardanelles is taken about 200 yds. off our battery and may get past the Censor. It shows Sedd-el-Bahr in all its glory with the Chateau d' Europe and the enemy coast and a 'Sous-officer', and two others of our battery. You can see the lower hills of Asia standing out darker than the others and behind the mountains. It is behind these first hills that we send our Jack Johnsons, the battery which causes us chief annoyance, being exactly where the telegraph wires meet the hills. There are two 8.2

batteries quite near the coast just above the highest point of the Chateau and a little to the left. Take a perpendicular line from the Sous-officer's knee to the nearer hills on Asia and you come to a little hump. That is Achilles' tomb. Further up the coast are other batteries which fire on the harbour and never do much harm as their shells don't explode.

We have just started a fight with their 6in. naval gun. It started thus: It is All Saints' Bank holiday and a considerable crowd collected at the larger cemetery at Sedd-el-Behr. This was apparently too much for the Germans, who do not even respect the dead, so they fired on the cemetery (in full view of Asia) with their 6in. rapid, which is our 'bette noir'. The Major was furious and ordered 40 rounds with our Sunday-best shell (3½ cwt, 87½ lbs. melinite). They are answering back shot for shot. I wish you could hear them. Zing - Bang - Buzz they go, and it is getting quite dark with the dust they kick up. It is difficult to realise that if one of those bits you hear flying about happens to hit you it will carry a quarter of you off with it. Not a cat is out now with this devil's dance on. I expect there has been an execution, but I bet they are getting many happy returns for their trouble.

15 Batterie, 10 Artillerie

E.N.E. Secteur 506, C.E.D.,
Mudros, 23.1.16.

We are now resting and have been doing so for nearly three weeks. We were at a place 15 miles from anywhere to start with, but we have since been moved down to the water's edge where we are quite happy. Our evacuation was no doubt a 'masterful piece of strategy' and a 'great 'moral victory.'

I brought off a waterproof and a pair of waders myself. The latter I cut down below the knee; they are invaluable in rainy weather. I have got British greatcoats.

The best 'souvenir' I got was a 3-speed 4½ h.p. Triumph motor-bike. I've got it with me now. It

costs me nothing to run, and it cost me nothing at the start. They were burning and scrapping motor-bikes and even motor-cars. When I found this out I went to the officer in charge of Ordnance and got leave to take the bike away as my own. When I got it here safely the Commandant wanted to buy it from me, but had no luck. Now I have made friends with an aviator in the airship department of the R.N.A.S., so I get petrol and oil for nothing. Six other men followed my example and brought off motor-bikes, but the others are Colonial Douglas' and rather used up.

The Turks were very nice about it; they let us go with a few shots from Asia on the pinnaces, doing comparatively little damage compared with what they might have done. Our battery was the last French battery to go off. They fired up to 5 in the evening, then at 7 the Captain. Lieutenant, another, myself and 7 men remained at the guns. We rammed earth sacks down the mouths of the guns, then put 26 dynamite cartridges in each and a Cordon Bickford and more sacks. Then we got our packs and banged about with a sledge-hammer, put the breeches of the guns on the trucks and started off. At the crossroads we met the 52nd division coming down quite noiselessly, in fours. This was the last division and that meant that if the Turks chose to attack they could simply come straight through, as our trenches were empty. When we got to Sedd-ul-Behr we left our packs behind the Chateau d'Europe and went on to the water's edge. Just then, as I was emptying the breech into the water, the horn announcing a flash from Asia sounded. That meant 49 seconds before the shell came along. We all got behind anything and the shot went just over our heads on to the quay by the River Clyde and the bottom of the old shell off into the sea. We took hold of the breech again and emptied it into the water this time. I got a 'souvenir' from the handle just above the kneecap. When this job was over we went back and got our packs on and formed fours, and the old horn went again. The shot was over again, and this time the bottom of the shell came back with a whizz over our heads. There was one poor fellow on a stretcher next door to me. He wasn't moving and looked dead, but they

came and carried him off, I daresay to a Hospital ship, just when I wasn't looking. But I don't think he went far. He wasn't one of our men; I think he was a 'conducteur.' I know one shot knocked out four or five of them in all in a bunch, so did nearly every shot, and the papers say we had 'no casualties.'

We were the last Frenchmen to leave and we got safely to the 'Ville de Bordeaux' after running full spit into a schooner, I think a Hospital ship for the occasion. Nothing was hurt except perhaps the flank of the schooner. However we didn't wait to see the damage, but shifted a little further up and dodged about a bit in the dark and got to the 'Ville de Bordeaux' in time. From there we came straight here, landing about 10.30 a.m. The rest of it is uneventful. I secured my bike which had landed before me, and came away with one of the contingents which had left before us in batches of about 60 per diem.

N. SERGENT.

Note: JNB (Noel) Sergeant was born at St Raphael on the Mediterranean coast of France to the west of Cannes. His father, an architect, was French, his mother English. All three brothers were members of the victorious St Raphael football team which won the French championship in 1912. They are remembered in the town to this day through Victor, who played for the French national side, by the Victor Sergeant Stadium, an avenue and cul-de-sac.

Noel Sergeant attended the Dragon School, Oxford from 1900-05, followed by Oxford University. After the war he returned to the School as a member of staff from 1919-29 before moving to Christ's Hospital, Horsham. He died in 1954. In addition to Gallipoli he served at Salonkia. Returning to France he was one of the survivors when the Sontay was torpedoed on 16 April 1917. A further letter, to a nephew, and reproduced in the Dragon School magazine describes the sinking and his subsequent rescue. Near the conclusion of this he says 'When you are a soldier, my boy, don't volunteer to go out East, because you stand a good chance of never coming back, or anyhow of coming back half dotty like your Uncle Noel'. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre

PRISONERS OF THE TURKS (Continued)
by J Douglas Stott (0993)

<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>COMPANY</u>	<u>DIED</u>	<u>BAGHDAD (Nrth Gte) MIL.CEM.</u>
---------------	-------------	----------------	-------------	--

1/4th KINGS OWN SCOTTISH BORDS 52nd DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

4103(200215)	Archibald C Wood	Sgt	29.10.18	Plot XXI
6698	Charles Burgess	C		
7540	Allan Graham	D		
4411	William Martin	D		
916	Alexander Martin			
595	R Renilson	A		
7297	William Shanks	A		
7431(220831)	John Thompson		11.01.17	Angora Mem
4448	Henry C Turnbull	D	05.10.16	Plot XXI
6507	Frederick D Wallis	A		
654	Alfred Wark	C		

Constantinople Internment Camp

7437	Maxwell Davidson	C		
569	Robert Thompson	C		

1/5th ARGYLLE & SUTH'D 52nd DIVISION

Unverified (Supplementary List)

10838	Fland Baker
-------	-------------

ROYAL ENGINEERS 52nd DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

3003(412313)	James Dewar
--------------	-------------

1/1st HEREFORDSHIRES 53rd DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

1803(235435)	Lionel Charles Evans	A	15.11.16	Angora Mem
1078	Henry Lester	A		
1382	Reginald Mainwaring	A	05.11.16	Plot XXI
2431	Sidney Thomas Mason	A		
2042	Theodore C Williams	D		
1013	William O Wood	D		

Constantinople Internment Camp

2166	WH Morgan	D
------	-----------	---

1/4th CHESHIRE 53rd DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

2626	Frederick Davies	D		
3190	Edgar Jones	D	10.01.17	Angora Mem
3564	James Lee	B		

1/7th ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS 53rd DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

613(290052)	Thomas E Owen	Sgt A	28.11.16	Angora Mem
-------------	---------------	-------	----------	------------

1/1st DORSET YEOMANRY 2nd MOUNTED DIVISION

Angora Internment Camp

	Alfred Douglas	Pass Lieut
--	----------------	------------

Kiangri Internment Camp

740	Archibald Poole
-----	-----------------

Constantinople Internment Camp

414	ER Hunt	Cpl
-----	---------	-----

1/1st BERKSHIRE YEOMANRY 2nd MOUNTED DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

1636	William J Babister	Sgt		
2110	Archibald W Calder			
1083	William C Collins		25.09.16	Plot XXI
1752	Percy Hew	D		

Constantinople Internment Camp
1806 Osmond Walters

1/1st ROYAL BUCKS HUSSARS 2nd MOUNTED DIVISION

Kiangri Internment Camp

911 John Fleet C(Sqn) 04.02.17 Angora Mem
910 Charles F Lineham C(Sqn)

Constantinople Internment Camp

1078 RH Wicks C(Sqn)

FIFE & FORFAR YEOMANRY 2nd MOUNTED DIVISION

Constantinople Internment Camp

1684 W Pearson Cpl
1886 Robert McGregor
2083 Thomas Moffat

NELSON BN ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION

Constantinople Internment Camp

3-214 Arthur Victor Hunt C 12.06.17 Plot XXI

DRAKE BN ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION

Constantinople Internment Camp

KP 408 John MacNamara

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Angora Internment Camp

Sir Robert Paul Lieut

Constantinople Internment Camp

STW Goodwin Lieut

EGYPTIAN POLICE

Angora Internment Camp

Stephen White Lieut

Constantinople Internment Camp

Selim Zeki

To be continued with Naval and Anzac Forces

THE FALLEN. JOHN GARFIELD. Leo Cooper 1990 162 pages 160 illustrations and maps. £29.95.

Sub-titled A photographic journey through the war cemeteries and memorials of the Great War. 1914-18.

High profile anniversaries and commemorations along with a steady flow of new books have ensured the continued interest in the Great War.

One of the best recent publications is The Fallen. Although not a guide book it takes the reader, by means of a series of outstanding photographs, on a journey among the war cemeteries and memorials on the Western Front, in Gallipoli, northern Italy and Macedonia.

Each chapter is accompanied by a brief explanation of the fighting and the relevant dates, together with a series of poignant quotations. The Gallipoli section extends for some 28 pages containing 25 illustrations. The quotations here come from the pens of Guy Nightingale, John Masefield, Ian Hamilton, Horace Bruckshaw, Hector Dinning, Winston Churchill and Thomas Dry.

Alas there are some errors. The photograph of Anzac Cove is actually that of North Beach looking towards the Cove while Fricourt German cemetery has no plaque listing the names of the missing. However this book with its beautiful photographs is well worth having despite the high price.

Nevin Anthony (0796)

THE NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT AT GALLIPOLI

By W.D. Parsons (1116)

In 1914 Newfoundland was a self-governing Dominion of equal status, though not size, with Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Following the outbreak of war a Volunteer Force, to become known as the Newfoundland Regiment, was formed. Within two weeks over 700 men had enlisted. On 3 October 1914 the first contingent embarked for Overseas Service, arriving at Plymouth on 20 October. The first camp was adjacent to the Canadian Contingent on Salisbury Plain. In December the regiment was transferred to Fort George, near Inverness, then Edinburgh and on to Stobs Camp, near Hawick for training.

At this time the campaign on Gallipoli was proceeding. The 1/5th Royal Scots were part of the 88th Bde. of the 29th Division, the only Territorial Regiment in a Division made up of Regulars collected from foreign stations. They were to be withdrawn from Gallipoli as casualties had not been replaced by reinforcements. The 1/7th Royal Scots were to replace them. On 30 May 1915 as they were proceeding south for embarkation, the train accident at Quinttinshill, near Gretna Green, killed over 200 of their number. To replace them HQ Scotland looked about for another battalion - the Newfoundland Regiment was in Scotland training and unattached. As a result of the tragic railway accident the Newfoundland Regiment was designated as the replacement battalion to go to Gallipoli.

The Regiment embarked from Devonport 20 August 1915 for the Middle East, landing in Egypt on 1 September. On the 13th they proceeded on the S.S. Ausonia for Mudros. They transferred to the Prince Abbas and landed on Kangaroo Beach on Suvla Bay on 20 September. Two days later Private McWhiter was killed by shell fire, the first fatal casualty. The next day Private Hardy was hit by a sniper's bullet - the second Newfoundlander to pay the supreme sacrifice.

After a period of training and indoctrination into trench

warfare, the battalion took over the front line trenches from the 2nd South Wales Borderers at the centre of the Ninth Corps line. This was followed by a routine of 10 days in the front line, with two companies in the fire trench and two in support. While casualties did occur from shell fire and sniping, the main loss of manpower was due to sickness - dysentery, jaundice and enteric. This reduced the strength of the battalion by a third. For those who were there the worst features of Suvla were the flies - they were everywhere; in the clothing, in the hair, but especially on the food. As I have been told, as soon as a tin was opened it was black with flies.

The Newfoundland Regiment did not carry out any attacks on the Turkish trenches during this period. However, one incident is recorded in the history of the Regiment of offensive action - the attack on Caribou Hill. Towards the end of October the companies in the front line were being harassed by sniper fire from a knoll in front of this section of the line, in No-Man's-Land. On 4 November an officer, N.C.O. and 6 men occupied this knoll. That night they drove off the Turks coming to take up their usual positions. Another party was sent out to reinforce the first group but on the way became involved in a fire-fight with a Turkish patrol. The knoll was reinforced the next day and held during the rest of the time in this sector. The post was called Caribou Hill as the badge of the Regiment was a Caribou head. The officer in charge, Lieutenant Donnelly, was awarded the M.C., Sergeant Greene and Private Hynes were awarded the D.C.M. and Lance-Corporal Snow the M.M.

The Newfoundlanders did not escape the devastation of the November storm. They suffered up to 150 casualties, mostly frostbite, at this time, but none died or were drowned. One of the lads who was there told me that night they made a fire to try to keep warm, lying down with his head towards the fire. The next morning his boots were frozen in the mud. He had to take them off to move. He was hospitalized for five months with frostbite. His comment was that he should have slept with his feet towards the fire as a soldier's feet were more useful and as a Private you never had to use your

head.

The bravery of Private John Fitzgerald of the Medical Section is reminiscent of the Man with the Donkey. On 1 December Company Quartermaster Sergeant Norman MacLeod and Lance-Corporal Ebsary were returning along open ground as the communication trench was flooded. Ebsary was hit by a sniper. MacLeod was beside Ebsary when Fitzgerald and Bewey came with a stretcher from the lines to assist them. Bewey was killed and MacLeod hit. Fitzgerald tended them in the open though he had been wounded also. Another sniper's bullet killed him. He was mentioned in despatches for his 'distinguished and gallant services'.

The decision to evacuate Suvla was made on 23 November. The Newfoundland Regiment was ordered to pare down its ranks of all the sick. A few days later surplus kit was sent to the beach. On 18 December and the following morning 200 Newfoundlanders were evacuated. There remained a party of hand-picked men of the Regiment occupying the second line, firing at intervals, and setting booby-traps. The planned schedule of withdrawal of the troops proceeded like clockwork. By midnight all the troops behind the forward area had embarked. Three hours later the Newfoundland rearguard boarded one of the last lighters to leave Suvla Beach.

Much to the disappointment of the men, who were expecting a well-earned rest, they were sent to Cape Helles on 22 December. This they resented, as they were assigned to do labouring work and stevedoring as replacements for the Greek labourers who had been taken off the Peninsula. By 8 January the Newfoundlanders had been evacuated except for a rearguard party under the same officer who was one of the last to leave Suvla, Lieutenant Owen Steele. This party patrolled the lines of defence between W and V Beaches and were among the last to leave the beach at 0400 on 9 January.

The Newfoundland Regiment did not suffer heavy casualties from the enemy. Twenty men were killed in action and 9 died of wounds. Nine officers and 83 men

were wounded. The largest number of casualties was from sickness, nine died from various causes, and 531 were evacuated sick. By the time the Regiment landed in Egypt in January, 1916, there were only 459 effectives out of a force of 1120 men.

The Newfoundland Regiment was reinforced, refitted and recuperated, landing in France in April. They were on the Somme on 1 July 1916, at Beaumont Hamel. Here they had the most casualties of any battalion, 68 of the 710 answered the roll the next day. The Regiment was with the 29th. Division, taking part in the battles at Gueudecourt, Monchy, Ypres, Cambrai and in 1918, with the 9th Division at Ledgeham near Courtrai.

At the end of 1917 the unique honour of having the prefix "ROYAL" was conferred on the Regiment. This was the only regiment to have this during the World War.

"GALLIPOLI" is one of the Battle Honours emblazoned on the Regimental Colours.

In April 1990 I had the opportunity of going to Gallipoli with the Holt's Tour. A delegation from Canada was there, including 1556 Corporal Walter Tobin, aged 93 years. He had been there in 1915 as he said 'not sightseeing like this trip.'

At Suvla I had hoped to be able to see Caribou Hill. There was no way to distinguish one rise on the landscape from another. Walter Tobin said that after they left Caribou Hill no-one was sure where it was. So, unfortunately, it cannot be commemorated as a distinctive landmark.

References

Nicholson, G.W.L. 1964 The Fighting Newfoundlander. Newfoundland Government.

A 1925 VISIT TO GALLIPOLI¹
THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MAISIE ANDERSON²

For the second half of the cruise we took on many people who were coming specially to attend the unveiling of the memorial to the New Zealanders on Chunuk Bair and to take one of the rare opportunities to visit the graves of their dead. One of these passengers was a particularly tragic figure; an old woman who always wore a rough serge suit, with a white collar usually askew, and a sou'wester hat. Her white hair was shaggy and her weather-worn face had a vaguely distraught expression. I guessed from her clothes that she was some crank who was concerned with the Life Boat Service, others thought she might be 'something in religion', but eventually we heard the true story and felt ashamed of our jests. She was an Australian whose husband's grave on Gallipoli had never been found and she travelled on every ship that touched there, in order to seek him. There were people on board who had also travelled on the first trip she made, and they told us that it was heart-breaking to hear her talk of her confident hope that she would find him waiting for her on the shore.

Many of the soldiers who joined us had served in the campaign and talked to us about it. My diary records General Ellison's³ description of how 'we evacuated the peninsula little by little, in constant terror lest the Turks should discover that we were weakening our hold and should fall upon, and annihilate, the troops still there. Every night they withdrew more and more men to the transports, every conceivable type of boat being forced into service, till the night was resonant with the sounds of their flight. It seemed impossible that the Turks should not hear. As it happened the Turks heard perfectly well, but they misinterpreted their hearings. They thought we were bringing up heavy reinforcements and were preparing to meet an attack when they awoke to the fact that we had not left a single soldier on Gallipoli. He told us of many devices which we used to keep up the illusion of our strongly-held

position; of rifles fired by some mechanism controlled by water running out of a bucket, and of four hundred men firing as hard as the thousands who were no longer there.'

Another passenger told us how 'the Turks had been bringing up seven howitzers of the latest German pattern to prepared emplacements on Cape Helles. They did not want to use these until all seven were ready. This we knew, and we also knew that whatever force we still possessed on Cape Helles would be blown into the sea when the seventh gun arrived. We dared not show too much interest by aerial reconnaissance but, whenever we did get a report, it was always of more emplacements being filled. At dawn one morning the last gun arrived, but our last man had been withdrawn the night before.'

On May 12th the Ormonde anchored off Kilias, so the party who were going to the unveiling ceremony could drive across the peninsula in rough carts. There had been a good deal of trouble about this arrangement. The drivers of the local carts had refused to take them and only Government intervention had induced them to yield. Both British and Turkish authorities doubted the value of this forced compliance, and the road was heavily policed, nominally to keep off the bandits who had been reported in the neighbourhood, but really, so we were told, to keep the drivers in order. Mamma and I did not go with the party, for we had been warned that it might be a tough experience and I had had a sharp attack of fever two days before. The drivers, however, confined their expressions of hostility to making their horses race over the stony, rough track so that wheels came off and harness broke and it was little short of a miracle that no-one was seriously injured.

Although we did not intend to board the carts, we landed with the expedition and then walked alone along the coastal road to look at the country over which our men had fought. Afterwards I wrote: 'This part of the peninsula is comparatively flat, but even here the hills rise in almost perpendicular cliffs of yellow sandstone,

cut by the deep gullies of dried waterfalls. All up these hills the flowers grow deep: rock roses and an orange spurge that intensified the colour of the sandstone, pale blue vetch and flax and the deeper, purple-blue anchusa; pink convolulus and big yellow and white daisies, all scrambling in delicate confusion over the rocky slopes. Everything is dry, even now, not a drop of sweet water did we see and even the foliage of the flowers was grey with dust.' To have attempted to climb those hills, unhampered and unopposed, would have been a difficult and hazardous enterprise, and the stark impossibility of expecting men to scale them in the face of an entrenched enemy left us horrified at the murderous folly of the command and awed by the heroism of its attempted fulfilment. The gay brilliance of the flowers must have seemed the ultimate irony of horror as a background to that savage battle and their faintly aromatic scent must have added to the torturing thirst of the fighters. General Ellison had told us that every drop of drinking water for our men and their horses had to be brought from Egypt in tankers. Food supplies we could accumulate but water was a perpetual anxiety and it cost 6d a gallon to bring.

Now only a few ruined Army huts and some rusty railway lines remained as evidence of our occupation, irrelevant accidents in the eternal impassiveness of the land. The naval bombardments, of which we had read such confident accounts in the English papers, had left little mark. H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, probably the most powerful battleship afloat at that time, had shelled the village of Mudros, but the little huddle of wretched houses still grovelled by the shore, so we could easily believe what we had been told, that our daily shelling of Dardanos had only put one of the Turkish guns there out of action. The brooding silence of past tragedy hung over the place. For all their flowers, the hills were indescribably desolate and the houses seemed almost more deserted than the hills. Only a few black-veiled women padded silently along the dusty road, or sat in groups by the shore watching us with enigmatic syes.

When we returned to the ship, in perfect safety, we

found that our modest stroll had caused quite a stir. We had never asked anyone whether it was wise to go, but those who had done so had been warned by the ship's officers that there was quite a likelihood that stragglers from the ship would be murdered. This had alarmed some people so much they did not even feel safe on board.

Notes

- 1 Reproduced with the kind permission of Sir Trenchard Cox from The Caian, 1990, the Annual Record of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, edited by Professor Christopher Brooke.
- 2 Mary Anderson, always known as Malsie, was the daughter of Hugh Anderson, Master of Gonville and Caius College, 1912-1928. In 1925 Malsie, then aged 23, accompanied her mother on a Mediterranean cruise on board the SS Ormonde. She studied at the Courtauld Institute, becoming an art historian and an expert on medieval sculpture. She also wrote three novels. In 1935 she married Sir Trenchard Cox, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, 1955-1966. Malsie Anderson died in 1973 and her memoirs, Time to Sound the Bells, from which this extract is taken, are being published as a series in The Caian.
- 3 Major-General G.F. Ellison was Deputy Quartermaster - General Mediterranean Expeditionary Force from late July 1915.

I am most grateful to J. Douglas Stott [0993] for drawing attention to this article and D. Hjort [1179] for seeking the necessary permission to publish it in The Gallipolian and for providing the background information.

Editor.

ANZAC BISCUITS

The Anzac Biscuit was first baked in Australia and New Zealand during World War I as a tribute to 'the boys at the front' - perhaps so named because of the golden colouring it shared with the ANZAC soldier.

Today Anzac biscuits are still a favourite with Australians and New Zealanders especially on Anzac Day, 25 April.

Anzac Biscuits

- 1 cup (90g or 3oz) rolled oats
- 1 cup (90g or 3oz) dessicated coconut
- 1 cup (125g or 4oz) plain flour
- 3/4 cup (185g or 6oz) sugar
- 125g (4oz) cooking margarine or butter
- 1 level teaspoon golden syrup
- 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- 3 tablespoons water

Put rolled oats, coconut, flour, sugar into a mixing bowl. Melt margarine and golden syrup together in a small saucepan over a low heat. Mix soda with water in a small dish, add to margarine mixture and remove from heat. Pour into dry ingredients in the bowl. Mix well. Put onto well-greased baking trays, in rounded teaspoons at least 5cm (2ins) apart, as they spread. Bake in a moderately slow oven for 20 minutes. Makes 50. After removing from oven allow biscuits to firm up for a few minutes, then remove from trays with a metal spatula. When quite cold, store in an airtight container.

Highly recommended by the Editor

Recipe from Maureen Simpson's Australian Cuisine
(Methuen Haynes, Sydney 1986)

GALLIPOLI MEMORIALS

Private Albert Mansell

A commemorative tablet on the grave of his wife Ann (died 3 November 1957) in Maesyarian Cemetery, Mountain Ash.

12386 Private Albert Henry Mansell 5th Bn Dorsetshire Regt killed in action 21st August 1915 Aged 40. Son of the late James and Hannah Mansell. Husband of Annie Mansell, 69 Church Street, Penrhiwceiber.

Commemorated on the Cape Helles Memorial and on Penrhiwceiber War Memorial

Second Lieutenant Arthur Britton

A commemorative tablet on the grave of his wife at Maesyarian Cemetery, Mountain Ash.

Allen Britton, M.E. Lieut 5th Bn Welsh Regt, wounded and missing, Suvla Bay, Gallipoli, August 10 1915.

The parents of Arthur John Allen Britton were the Reverend WJ and Mrs PE Britton of Morecambe, while his wife was Sophie Margaret of Mountain Ash. He was a mining engineer who enlisted with the 21st Bn Royal Fusiliers, but he was serving with C Coy 5th Bn Welsh Regiment when killed aged 26. He is also commemorated on the Cape Helles Memorial.

Contributed by RG Mansell (1204)

Members may well know of similar memorials and if so I would be pleased to receive details for publication in future issues of The Gallipollian.

Editor